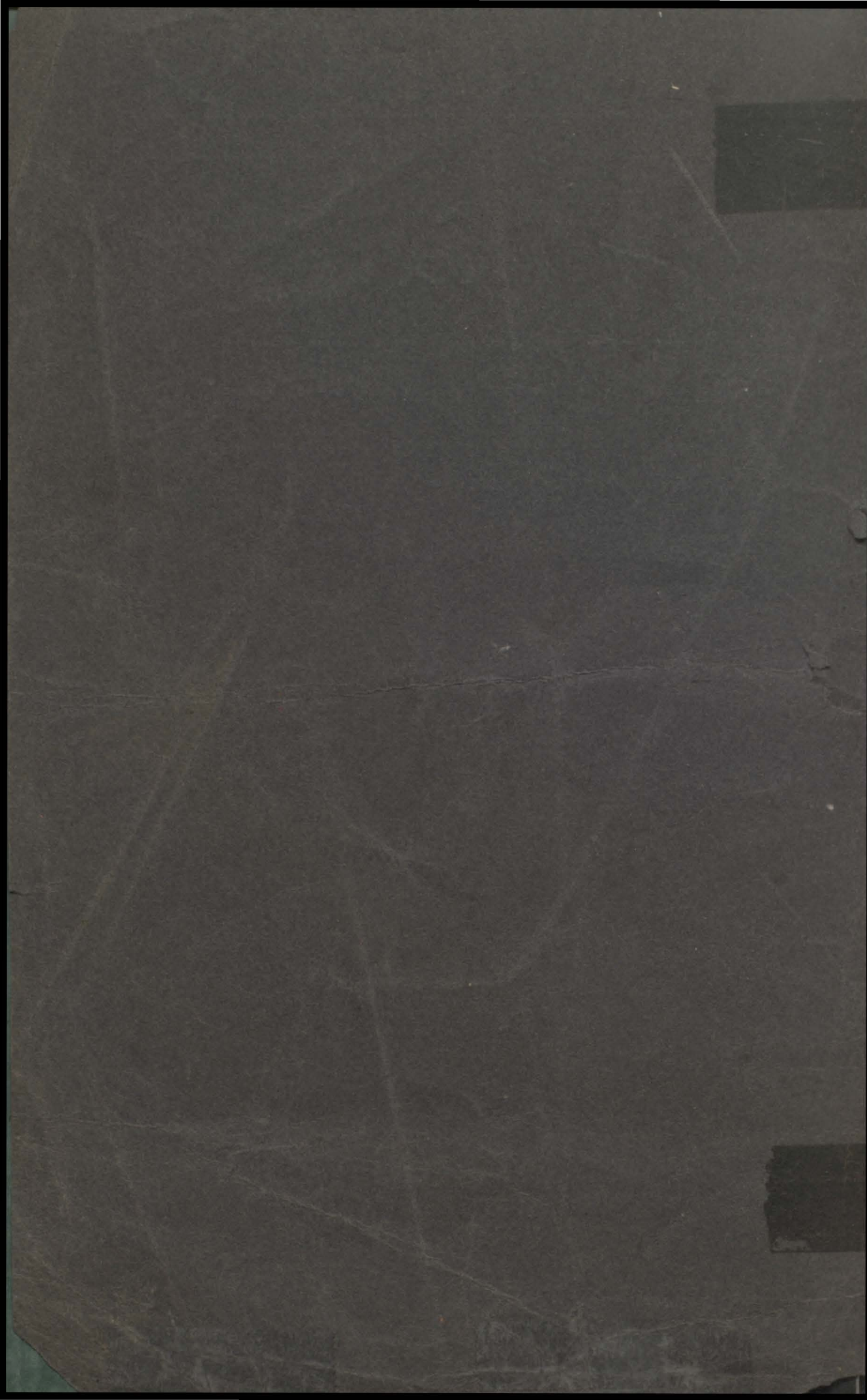


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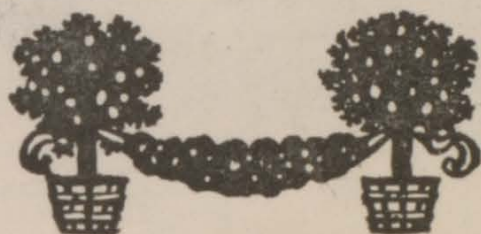
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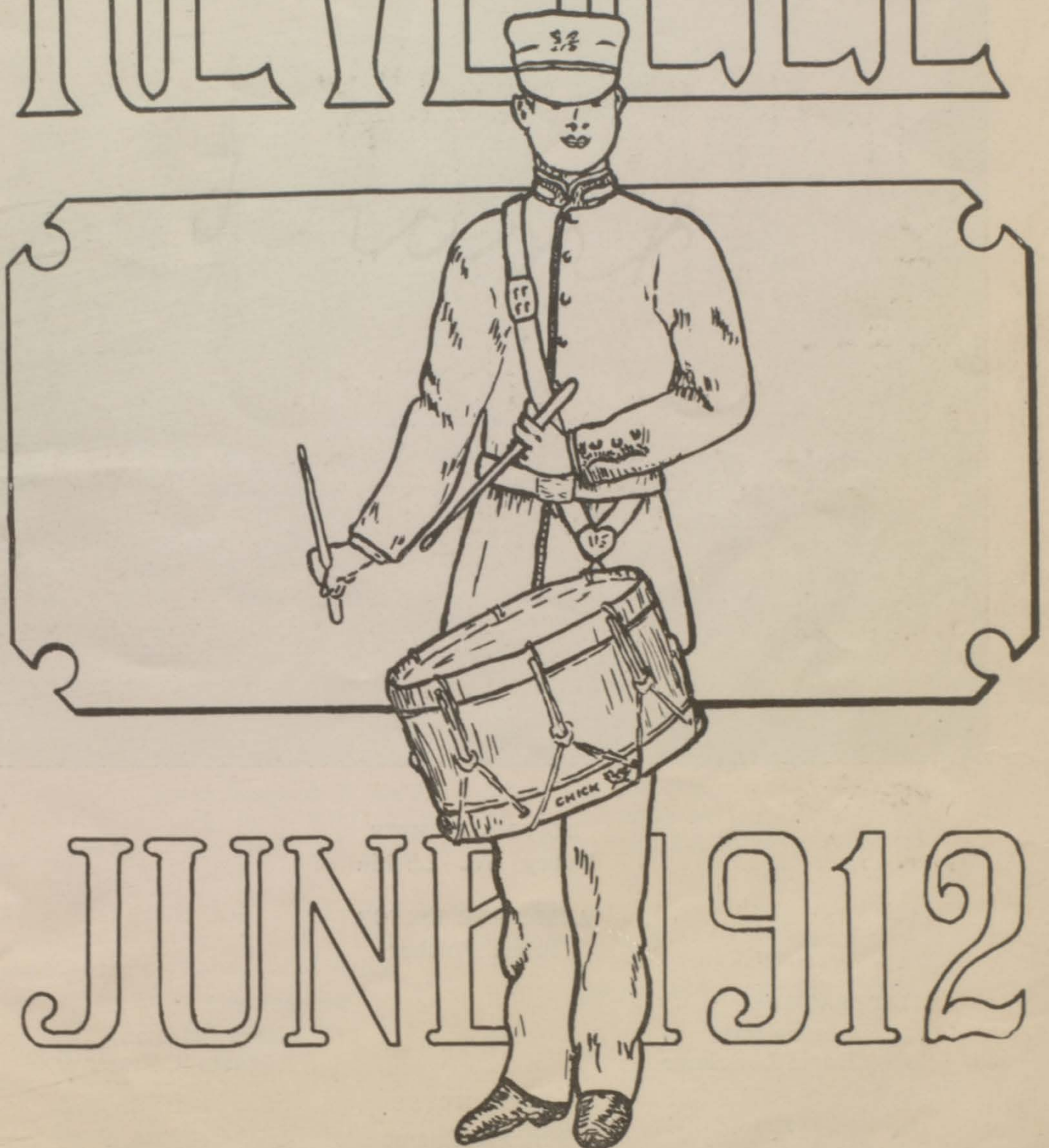
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REVEILLE



JUNE 1912

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'T WAS EVER THUS

By Maude Jenner

"Well, of all things! Sewing circle, indeed! Call it rather a Husband Circle! Harold says this, and Theodore thinks that, and William likes the other thing! Why, I couldn't get a word in edgewise. There's one thing I can say—if I ever get married, and Heaven forbid, I'll never burden my acquaintances with the opinions of my spouse!"

Ethel Walker flung herself into the hammock and blazed away at her newly married sister, Fanny: "And

you're as bad as the rest—Jack here and Jack there. You make me tired."

Her sister laughed at the outburst, and in her wisdom said nothing because Jack held Ethel to be a very impetuous young woman and thought it betokened a lack of sense to argue with her. Of course Jack was right.

The girl had been invited to spend the summer with her sister and brother-in-law, who had taken up their abode in Nelville Village, better known as Newly-Wed Village. About two-thirds of its population consisted of brides and grooms. The brides had formed a Sewing Circle, and the time was very profitably spent in quoting the witticisms and wonderfully infallible opinions of Harold, Theodore, etc. Ethel had just returned from one of these meetings and was full of righteous indignation; not exactly because they were continually quoting their husbands (though that received a fair share of her wrath), but more so because she knew they looked upon her with pity as a predestined old maid. "She never intended to marry, poor thing!"

While she was working off her disgust in the hammock, the garden gate swung open and a tall, good-looking young fellow strode up the path. He stopped in front of the hammock and said: "Beg pardon, does Jack Brown live here?"

"He does," said Ethel, smoothing out her ruffled plumage. "Up there." She never wasted any more words than absolutely necessary on any of the masculine gender, even if the specimen did happen to be broad-shouldered, clean-cut and blue-eyed.

The young man gave something that sounded dangerously like a whistle, and then started up toward the house. Jack had seen him and was half way down the path to greet him.

"Billie, Billie Reynolds, you old scamp, fine way to treat a fellow. Fanny," as they reached the veranda, "this is Billie Reynolds, my old roommate. Come, Billie, where've you been since we left college, anyway?"

"Oh! travelin' round. Delighted—er—pleased to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Brown. Say Jack, who's that young person out there in the hammock?"

Jack turned around suddenly and stared at his chum in amazement. "We—ell! I'll be jiggered!"

To use his own expression, the wind had been taken out of his sails at Billie's queer acceptance of his welcome. He piloted Billie up to the guest room without another word till, "Say, Jack, who is she, anyway?"

"Billie Reynolds, do you mean to say you've fallen in love with my sister-in-law?"

"Your sister-in-law, is it? Well, why didn't you tell me that in the first place? No, can't say I've fallen in love with her, not exactly. But when a young woman is as complacent as she is and doesn't even take the trouble to be civil to a stranger within her gates, it sort of rouses my interest, you know. What's her name?"

"Ethel Walker. You'll meet her at dinner to-night, so be patient till then, and she can be civil when she wants to be don't forget that."

Meanwhile the much-discussed young lady had completely forgotten about the Sewing Circle and was wondering who on earth that stranger could be. From where she sat she could see Jack was overjoyed at his arrival.

"Wonder who he is? One of Jack's college chums, no doubt. They seem very much pleased to see him, yes sir, and he acts as if he intended to stay a while, too. Guess I'll go find out who he is and what he wants. No, I won't, either." She hesitated and finally, "I'm going to find out."

But her curiosity had to wait. Fanny was busy preparing the room for the guest's stay and Jack was busy entertaining him. But at dinner time Fanny introduced him and he accepted the introduction very coolly, much to her astonishment. In fact, it seemed rather an effort for Mr. Reynolds to be even civil. Jack wondered at this, for Billie was such an agreeable person and he had displayed such an interest in Ethel before.

As time went on, matters did not become any better. Ethel refused to make any effort to be agreeable, and Billie was simply indifferent. They spoke when it was absolutely necessary, were very polite to each other when they did speak, but otherwise each simply ignored the existence of the other. Nor could Fanny pry any opinion of the guest out of Ethel, try as she would, and Jack was driven almost to desperation by his chum's indifference.

But such things must end. Fate wills that, and when two perfectly agreeable young people take it into their heads to be absolutely disagreeable to each other, Madam Fate usually teaches them a lesson they are not likely to forget.

So it happened that one sultry afternoon Ethel started out for the village center to attend the Sewing Circle. Not that she was anxious

to be bored to death by listening to what Harold and the rest of the paragons did, thought or said, but because she had nothing better to do. Billie had started for the center, intending to stop at the post office for letters and incidentally buy some new fishing tackle. The air was heavy with the promise of a storm, but both Ethel and her enemy disregarded Fanny's warning and started out unprepared for it.

Ethel had just reached the center when the storm broke and the rain came down in torrents. She made for the nearest shelter, which happened to be the post office doorway. She was standing there at loggerheads with the world in general and herself in particular when the door opened and out marched Billie.

Now Billie couldn't resist the temptation, and he spoke. To his surprise Ethel took it as a matter of course and answered him as if he was a long lost friend just returned.

It is queer how friendly two people can become when they are standing in a doorway waiting for a thunder-storm to stop. Billie admired Ethel because she didn't shriek at every flash of lightning, and clutch at him when a particularly loud clap of thunder went pealing through the pines on the near-by mountains. His comment was, "Cool, all right." She admired him because he made no mention of the past unpleasantness, but simply ignored it. She thought, "He's not such a brute, after all."

By the time the storm had abated Ethel knew that Billie swore by Tennyson and Browning: she did, too; Pope was a horrid bore: just her opinion; he was very fond of boating: so was she; and when they reached home he knew all about her grievances against the village Brides and he had admitted that it was torture to him to listen to the Grooms sounding forth the praises of these selfsame Brides. He suggested that they form a committee of two to hunt up a cure for the epidemic, and she agreed.

Things began to grow pleasanter after that, and the atmospheric conditions cleared up. Ethel played tennis with Billie; Billie took Ethel canoeing; they sat together under the oaks and read Tennyson; and together they climbed all the mountains in the neighborhood. Ethel was no longer driven to desperation at the Sewing Circle, since she never had time to attend. Billie saw to that; and he no longer felt like doing something reckless when the Grooms talked of the wonderful girls they had been lucky enough to capture. Mentally he was comparing Ethel with them, and her charms far exceeded all of theirs.

Time went on, and summer was giving way to autumn. Ethel was thinking of returning to the city, and Billie knew he had to get back to work. Their departure was a very few days away, and Billie had made Ethel promise she would write to him, as he would to her. The formal "Miss Walker" and "Mr. Reynolds" had long changed to "Billie" and "Ethel," and each had admitted to the other that this summer had been the most enjoyable of any summer in their memory.

The day before they were to leave the Brown cottage Ethel startled Fanny and her husband by bursting in upon them like a whirlwind. She held up her left hand, and there on the third finger glittered a diamond.

Now Ethel had always vowed that when she accepted a ring for that finger she would accept none but an opal, and that she had a peculiar aversion to diamonds. Fanny wickedly reminded her of that vow when she recovered her breath, and Jack of course backed her up.

"Well, Billie likes diamonds best, and he thinks that it is the only suitable stone for a ring for me, and Billie says that" * * * and she wondered why they laughed.

THE VIGIL.

By Henry W. Lifshin.

The night of the vigil! How important, how full of meaning are these few words, which stand for so much in the life of the young man striving to attain that far off goal—knighthood. How wonderful they sound, representing as they do the last of the long series of duties before the attainment of knighthood.

The night of the vigil! With awe, the page repeats the words, for his "Night of the Vigil" appears to him aeons and aeons away. The squire speaks of his "Night of the Vigil" with hopeful expectations, for soon he, too, will have to think of that important duty. The young knight-on-the-morrow-to-be, however, repeats the words with reverence and thankfulness, for to him it is a reality.

Such was the case with Roderick Owen. From the early morning, till now, near sunset, the day had been a busy one for him, for this coming night was his "Night of the Vigil." After his uncle, Sir James Owen, had addressed him on the duties and aspirations of knighthood, Roderick had gone through the "Order of the Bath," a solemn ceremony, during which he was examined by two old veteran knights as to his fitness for becoming a knight. He had then been clothed in a red robe symbolical of the blood he might be called upon to shed in defense of the oppressed, a black, tight gown representing the mystery of death to be solved hereafter, and last, a snow-white tunic symbolical of his purity. Now, he was awaiting the moment when he was to be escorted by the priests into the beautiful chapel, where he was to pass the night in prayer and in guarding his armour.

At last, amid a splendor which seemed to herald the coming devotions, the sun went down and Roderick, his hands folded over his bosom, was led by the two solemn priests through the long deserted halls of the castle to the chapel on the eastern side.

"My son," spoke the elder of the priests, as they paused before the entrance, "you are about to enter the holy place of prayer. Have complete faith in thy Maker and beseech Him to guard and sustain thee in thy career as knight. Pray of Him to give the strength and courage to fight infidels and unbelievers, to make thee faithful to thy God and King, and to consecrate thy armour in the Holy Cause."

The priests then opened the door and conducted Roderick to the altar, where with a "Fare thee well, my son," they left him.

For some time after the priests had left, Roderick stood motionless, then he slowly sank to his knees and clasped his hands together in prayer. He seemed to look over and beyond the altar as if it was there that he saw the All-Seeing God. His pale face was transfigured by the earnestness of his prayer, so that he looked like a heavenly being. To the Lord of the Universe, to the Former of Destinies, to the Heavenly Father he prayed, asking Him for guidance in his career as knight, and beseeching Him to strengthen his arm against Unbelievers and Oppressors of the Weak, to strengthen his mind against Temptation which might beset his path, to give him courage to do what was right, and to make him a true and faithful knight.

Long and earnestly Roderick prayed, after which he rose and, picking up the long pilgrim's staff standing near the altar, he marched to and fro across the tiled floor of the chapel.

It was then that he began to take notice of the beauty of the Holy Place. The crescent moon, shining faintly through the exquisitely stained glass windows, cast a shimmering glow over the tiled floor, while

the tall marble pillars on which rested the beautifully chisled stone arches cast indeterminable shadows over the tapestried walls. The stone effigies of saints standing around the walls seemed to have bowed their heads in prayer because of the holiness of the place. The waxen tapers on the wonderfully carved altar threw a faint circle of light around the shining heap of armour lying nearby, while from the incense burning in the golden cup suspended from the ceiling rose a cloud of sweet smelling vapour, which, penetrating the farthestmost corners of the chapel, seemed allegorical of an earnest prayer ascending heavenward.

At last Roderick paused from his steady march to and fro, and stood leaning on his staff, lost in thought.

Scenes interwoven with his childhood days passed before his concentrated gaze like a wonderful panorama. Here is a scene which he could never possibly forget. It is a picture of his beautiful sainted mother bending over a little curly-headed boy—himself. The look of mother-love resting on her dear face gives her the appearance of a celestial being. She is teaching him his daily prayer, which he lisps after her with his childish lips.

The scene changes. Again his beautiful mother appears, but now a dark shadow rests upon her countenance. She is taking farewell of his beloved father—her husband, who dressed in shining armour, his helmet surmounted by a waving red plume, must away to a far-off land to help his King. A last embrace, a kiss, and stern Duty, has torn a father from his home and family.

Again the shifting of the scenes, and now Roderick sees a field of battle. In the distance can be seen the spires of the Holy City. A mighty host is gathered on that field. A sound of a bugle and those steel clad men, with deathless resolve stamped on their pale brows, surge forward against the dark-visaged foe. A trampling of steeds, a clashing of armour, a fearful turmoil,—a human maelstrom terrible in its intensity. "Fight on! fight on! brave knights, for your God and King! The King? Holy St. George! The King is surrounded by foes. He will be killed."

But wait. Who is it that stems the human tide as a ship does the sea? It is a knight dressed in glittering armor, whose helmeted head is surmounted by a waving red plume. He cuts his way through his foes to the succor of his King. With mighty blows he scatters his foes. The King is saved; but where is the brave knight? Scores of lances pierce. He falls, and the struggling tide sweeps over him.

Yet again the scene changes. Now Roderick is in the castle of his birth. Again his mother appears. She is whispering to her little boy about her brave father in the wars. But why does that startled look pass over her countenance? Why does she rise and look anxiously into the starless night. The foreboding silence is broken by an ominous crackling. The room is filling with smoke. The castle is on fire. Now red tongues of flame leap high over the burning castle and now the treacherous besiegers raise their exultant shouts. The towers shake and tremble as a knight rushes into the burning castle and fights his way to the mother and child. He grasps the boy and dashes out, but ere he can return the castle falls with a mighty crash.

With a cry of anguish Roderick dropped to his knees before the altar. It seemed to him that this final scene had been enacted before his gaze, so real had it appeared. "My mother, my dear mother," he groaned, "why did not Sir James, your brother, save thy life from the castle instead of mine?"

"Father in Heaven," he prayed, "give me strength to be a true knight,

so that I will not put to shame my guardian, Sir James, and give me courage to be a brave knight, so that I will be a credit to the name of my father, who died in the service of his God and King."

The early rays of the morning sun had already disbanded the shadows of night in the chapel when the two priests again entered and shrived Roderick. After receiving the sacrament and listening to an address on his new life and duties, he was led before the Earl who was to give him "The Accolade." Different knights honored Roderick according to the custom, by dressing him in the different parts of the armour he was to wear, while Sir James himself fastened the golden spurs to his feet. As Roderick knelt before the Earl, the nobleman tapped him three times upon the back and pronounced the words: "In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George, I make thee Knight. Be thou valiant, fearless and loyal."

So Sir Roderick Owen rose a member of the great religious brotherhood of chivalry, one of

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as a model for the mighty world."

ODE TO THE CLASS IVY.

Planted Arbor Day, April 12, 1912.

Thou Ivy green, memorial of our Class,
We hail thee! On the lawns of Central High
We laid thy roots, a verdant monument
That pays its tribute to our parting Class.
Thou clinging vine! May all the elements
Conspire thee from all evil to preserve;
And in abundance give thee sunshine mild,
And warm, refreshing rain to nourish thee.

As thou dost cling to walls to aid thy growth,
That thou in time may'st be a sturdy vine,
Rejoicing in existence pure, sublime—
So may our Class adhere for moral strength,
To our forbearing Lord, benignant, mild;
And we, like thee, whose path of Life begins
Would, as we grow in years, grow great in strength,
To face with fortitude Life's burd'ning task.
So may our aims be turned toward lofty truth,
And may we seek it through simplicity.
Not wealth and arrogance, not fame, our guide,
But wealth in faith, in lofty aims, in truth,
Fraternity toward man shall lead us on.
And now, thou Ivy green, all hail to thee!
Whose verdancy an inspiration is!
O prosper! Reach thy leafy branches high
To that great Light whence emanates Life's glow.
And when in years to come, if we be spared,
Gathered around thy leafy base once more;
And missing many a dear, familiar face,
We call up memories now gone for aye.
And now, farewell! When shall we meet again?
Where shall we join our hands—a Class once more?
Thou Ivy true, Memorial of our Class,
Once more, farewell! God's benison on thee!

GUSTAV PATZ.

THE REDEEMING HOLD-UP.

By David L. Schnur.

Examinations were but two weeks off at the little country college at Patzville. The students were filled with gloom and were trembling in anticipation of the final results.

But it was in the senior class that fear and worry reigned supreme, especially so in the individual case of "Chick" Webster, president of the class. Chick, for some unknown reason, had not had any success in the passing term's work, and felt, as did all of his professors, that he was in a bad "hole" now that the exams. were so near at hand.

Keenly feeling the disgrace which would accompany his "flunking," Chick had sent in his resignation of the class presidency. This, however, was not accepted, for he was the idol of his classmates. Consequently, much to the pleasure of his associates, he consented to hold the chair for the rest of the term.

Chick, full of thoughts of the coming tests, was pacing his little cozy room in the south dormitory when, suddenly, an unexpected knock was heard at the door. All thoughts of college work left his mind as he made for the entrance to welcome his jolly visitors.

"Hello, there, fellows!" he exclaimed, in a welcome tone, as he shook hands with his two best friends, 'Mac' and 'Shorty.' "Where did you come from at this time of the evening? Why, it's only seven o'clock."

"Oh, well, we just thought we had better drop in and see you on our way back from supper," answered Mac. "What do you thing about our exams. coming so soon, Chick?"

The smile vanished from Chick's face as this question was put to him.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to stay here another term if I expect to get through. I'm down and out in everything and there doesn't seem to be any hope for me at all."

"That's hard luck, Chick," retorted Mac, "why don't you get a tutor? If you would you would have just as much chance of getting through as any of us, that is, not considering this shrimp here. Shorty expects to sail through everything. But I have had a tutor now for only two weeks and expect to pass everything with good marks."

"Well, boys, the trouble with me is that I haven't any money to pay a tutor and must therefore take the consequences. It certainly is hard luck, but it can't be helped. I do wish you fellows the best of luck, though."

"Say, Chick," exclaimed Shorty, after a little thought, "I have a good scheme if you would like to try it. You and Mac can come over to my room every evening from now on until the exams. come off and I'll tutor you for nothing and see that you get through all right. In this way Mac can get some pointers and I myself will be polishing up. What do you think of it?"

"Great, Shorty," burst out Chick. "If you really mean it I'll get right down to hard work and perhaps I'll get through yet."

"All right, then. We'll start right in to work to-night."

"Say, Chick, there's one thing I wanted to ask you. How are you getting along with that snobby neighbor of yours, that fellow Spikes? Having any trouble with him lately?"

"No, not much. He is either afraid or else he must be doing some hard studying for his exams."

"The best thing to do is to keep away from him as much as possible," said Mac. "Well, I guess we must be going now, Chick."

"Don't forget your engagement for to-night," shouted Shorty to Chick, after the two visitors had gone down the staircase.

"All right, Shorty, I won't. So long, fellows," replied Chick.

Spikes was a very low-bred fellow and one of the snobs of the college. He was disliked by most of the students mainly for the reason that he was always planning some mean trick on one of the poorer boys of the school. Most of his hated tricks were directed towards Chick. There was a very grave reason for this deep in the stone heart of Spikes. At the beginning of the school year, the latter had made up his mind to become president of the senior class and, by donating a small sum to each member of his "clique," he succeeded in getting the latter to vote for him at the election of officers. Besides this, each member of the gang pledged himself to try to drum up as many other votes as possible.

But all this was of no avail. Chick was loved by his classmates and carried the election by a ten to one majority. From this time on, Spikes felt a cold-blooded hatred towards Chick. He had made up his mind to do away with the class leader altogether, if possible. Above all, he felt a keen desire to have the president dismissed from college before the end of the term, and resolved to have this done at any cost or risk.

Chick pursued his studies under Shorty with the greatest of care and earnestness, and as time rolled by, he showed himself to be a master of his subjects.

A few days before the exams. Chick started out for his usual half-hour evening walk. The atmosphere was very chilly and a strong wind was blowing. Before he had gone very far he decided to return to his room for his cap. He had just stepped inside the door when he ran head-on into Spikes who, astonished at Chick's sudden appearance, made a hasty bulldozing effort to apologize. Chick, surprised at his new visitor's untimely call, questioned Spikes as to his business in a room in which he had nothing to do.

"I just dropped in to see how you were getting along for your exams. You haven't got a match about you, have you, Chick?" gasped Spikes, hurriedly.

"Yes, here's one. But what are you doing in my room?" asked Chick.

"Aw!" shouted spikes, as he hurried away, "I didn't think you'd holler like that when I called to get a match."

"I wonder what in thunder has gotten over that fellow. He certainly was in some hurry to get away, and—well, what's the use of talking when I ought to be out in the fresh air? I'll get my cap."

Chick searched the room from one end to the other, but nowhere was the hat to be found. "It was here a few minutes ago," he said to himself. "Well, I guess it's no use walking to-night anyway. It's too windy. I guess I'll sit right down here and study a little more."

Spikes, who had taken Chick's hat during his short stay in the room, went straight to the Dean's office, where the examination papers were kept. During the day he had stolen the key to the door, had had a duplicate made at the locksmith's and had replaced the original. It was now an easy matter for him to accomplish his purpose. He opened the Dean's desk and took out the papers. As he was leaving the office, he let Chick's hat fall on the floor near the entrance, and left the door wide open. He hurried to his room, where he carefully examined the contents of the question papers, for he had his own choice of doing this or failing in the final tests.

"It's too bad," he murmured to himself, "that I ran so unexpectedly

into that boob. He might have some suspicion when he misses his hat. But I have him in a hole anyway. He can't prove that I took the hat. So it's good-night and all up with him. He'll surely be nabbed when the Dean finds his hat on the floor."

About ten days after the final examinations Chick received a letter in which the Dean requested his appearance at the office. Chick at once surmised the cause of this hasty summons and went forthwith to the place requested. He was hurriedly ushered into a private room in the presence of the school's headmaster.

"Webster," said the Dean, as he looked solemnly into the face of Chick, whose countenance bore a stern, resolute and truthful look, "a great surprise was given me when I was told of the final results of your examinations. You received marks of honor in every one of your tests, thus very greatly upsetting the calculations of all your professors. But a very strange occurrence has accompanied your success. A few days before the examinations I found your cap in my office. When I came to look for my test copies the next day I found that they had been stolen. So you see the grave position in which you are placed. It is a very unpleasant duty for me to perform when that duty calls upon me to expel you from college at this, the happiest moment of your school life. Not only will your character be affected, but your going will undoubtedly leave a great blot of dishonor upon our school. I can hardly believe that you would commit such a crime; but you see how strongly the evidence rests against you. If you can offer any evidence or explanation to clear yourself of the awful deed, I shall be very pleased to hear it."

"I can say nothing whatsoever at the present time, but if you will give me a few days in which to report the matter to you, I think I shall be able to prove myself innocent," said Webster, at once realizing who had really committed the crime.

"Very well, Webster, I do hope that you will be able to remove the crime from your so long honored name," responded the Dean, sympathetically.

Chick left the office full of thoughts as to what would be the outcome of the whole scandal. He hastened away as quickly as possible to find his two comrades, Mac and Shorty. In a few moments he met them together on the main road to the college, and hastily invited them to his room at the dormitory.

In a few moments the three fellows arrived at their destination and seated themselves about a small table in the center of the room. Chick then related his whole story to his two helpmates, pointing out to them the method in which Spikes must have gone about his mean trick. "But," he asked, "how are we going to prove our case?"

There was a profound silence for the few minutes that ensued, for each of the three fellows was thinking as hard as ever they could to find some means of trapping the culprit.

"I've got it, fellows," shouted Shorty, as a bright thought suddenly came to his mind. "What do you think of waylaying Spikes on the highway to-night and at the point of a pistol forcing him to give up the papers?"

"No, Shorty," answered Chick, "that would only make the evidence against me all the stronger."

"Well, then," suggested Shorty, "how about getting him to sign a written confession of the theft?"

"That would be great," responded Chick in a happy tone. "What

do you say about trying that scheme, Mac?"

"Bully, old boy," was Mac's hurried reply, "and I guess we'll have our share of fun at it, too."

"All right, then, fellows," said Chick. "Let's meet here in my room to-night at nine o'clock and we'll get ready to hold Spikes up at about ten. That's about the time he generally gets in from town."

"All right, Chick," said Shorty, "we'll be with you then. But I suppose we must be going now. So long."

"So long, boys; don't forget," answered Chick.

That night at nine o'clock all arrangements for the hold-up were completed and the three boys proceeded to the main highway, where they hid themselves behind some tall underbrush. They were there but a few minutes when they saw a tall-looking figure coming towards them on the road. It was Spikes coming home from the city. He was whistling merrily to himself and was looking steadily down at the ground.

No sooner had he reached the fatal spot than he was suddenly confronted by three masked, desperate-looking figures, one of whom pointed a pistol at his temple.

"Fork up, old boy," commanded Mac, who held the weapon in one hand, while with the other he grasped the lapel of Spikes' coat.

"I have nothing, gentlemen," gasped Spikes, in a very frightened tone.

"Easy on that rough stuff, man," continued Mac. "Give us what you have and be mighty quick about it, too."

"But I——" interpolated Spikes.

"Never mind that. Just be quick and slip 'em over. We'll give you back everything we can't use," commanded the daring one.

Spikes, almost collapsing from fright, handed the contents of all his pockets over to Mac who, by the light of a match, examined his loot. And, sure as could be, there were the examination papers among a lot of other rubbish.

"I have 'em," whispered Mac, turning to his comrades.

"Now, old boy," he said, facing his frightened victim, "I want you to do one more thing for me before I let you go. You stole these papers from the college Dean's desk the other day, and you doped the thing up so that that classmate of yours whom you call Chick got all the blame. I want you to understand that he is a good friend of mine and I now want you to sign this confession so that he will be cleared of the charge."

"But,——" gasped Spikes.

"Cut that stuff out and do as I tell you if you don't want me to settle you right now," commanded Mac, pointing the gun at Spikes.

The victim shuddered as he saw the fatal weapon leveled point blank at him. He gave no more resistance but hastened to obey the commands of his conqueror.

The confession signed, the boys ordered Spikes to proceed straight down the road and not to look backward under penalty of losing his life. This he did as commanded, being exceedingly happy at the thought of having gotten off so easily.

The three "highwaymen" now unmasked themselves and laughed until their bodies fairly ached.

The next day the three lads went straight to the office of the Dean. The whole story of the theft and the grand hold-up were explained, and the written confession given him. This evidence, combined with the fact that Spikes never returned to Patzville, convinced the Dean that Chick was innocent and that it was really the vanquished one who committed the crime. And Chick, after all, graduated from the college with the highest possible honors.

THE LAST NOTCH.

Suggested by a story in the "Black Cat."

By Gustav Patz.

Poor Tom Bailey, Manager of the Public Stenographic Concern, was in desperate straits. Why? do you ask? Well, you see, Tom was a young man, possibly twenty-five years of age, who had set up in business as a public stenographer in the prominent business street of his home town, a concern of which he was the owner and manager. His business had so increased that, after vain efforts to dispense with outside assistance, he was at last compelled to engage a stenographer. To repeat, Tom was the whole concern, except that authoritative, supreme functionary of any blooming, prosperous business—THE BOSS. Sad to relate, Tom could be anything but that—any step in the scale of office positions was graced by his portly personage—but to be supreme "master of all I survey" was an ideal, an aspiration to be striven for.

When Tom finally decided that he must have an assistant in the Public Stenographic Bureau, he was at a loss to get competent help; in other words, an assistant who would not only turn out immaculate work, but whose pleasing, attractive personality would act as a "booster" to the business, as it were; that is, attract trade. What was more natural and more logical than that Tom should engage a female stenographer? His advertisement calling for a "young lady of sterling ability and of attractive personality" was answered by a veritable host of Miss Stenographers—in fact it was siege in the true sense of the word, until poor Tom, bewildered, confused by the storm, had summarily disposed of the horde of applicants and installed a young lady as stenographer who would, in his estimation, fill the most exacting requirements of the position.

His choice, in short, was a good one. His typist was a wonder—neat, accurate work, skill in the use of the machine—a find, to be sure. And not only this; she was the proverbial typist—beautiful as a picture, courteous and obliging, and Tom awaited the results of his new venture with great expectations. Business increased—things were going smoothly—in fact, it seemed too good to last, and Tom was already congratulating himself on his success, when—

One day, about closing time, his stenographer, addressing him, said: "Mr. Bailey, a word with you, please? I——"

"Why, certainly, Miss Blake," exclaimed Tom, with his usual courtesy.

"I wish to say," she continued, "that I shall resign my position because, because——," she continued, blushing rosily, "I am engaged to be married. I——"

"Married?" echoed Tom, in dismay. "Surely you can't mean that!"

"To be sure, Mr. Bailey," returned the stenographer.

"I'll double your salary. What is wrong with your position? Say the word, and the wrong shall be adjusted. I'll do anything in the world if you will only stay. Do stay!"

"Hardly, Mr. Bailey," she replied, with a smile. "If Mr. Richardson, my be——"

"So that's the fellow who's trying to spirit you away, is it? And one of our regular customers, too."

For, you know, this "picture" of a stenographer could not help attracting the attention of the lawyers, doctors and other professional men who called at the Public Stenographic Bureau on business, and Mr. Richardson, a rising young doctor, fell a victim to her charms and then

—you know the rest. Tom submitted passively—what else could he do, poor fellow? He must needs get another stenographer.

A Miss Stenographer Number Two was therefore engaged—things ran along smoothly (you know this was another typist of proverbial beauty) and then the self-same announcement, the self-same resignation after a service of about a year. And then some more distraction on the part of Tom—despair in fact—for instead of being “Boss,” the fair manipulator of the writing machine was subjecting him—she came and went as she listed. And so it came to pass in the annals of the Public Stenographic Bureau that there occurred regular intervals—periodic resignations in which another stenographer was borne away by some triumphant lawyer, office man, doctor, etc. At any rate, it was always one of the customers of the Public Stenographic Bureau. Miss Remington Number Three arrived, served her employer faithfully, and was borne off by ———. And so it was with the Misses Stenographer Numbers Four, Five and Six; always the self-same episodes enacted, ending in the final resignation and marriage, etc.

Poor Tom! It really seemed that he could keep no one in his employ. It was not that he was a harsh employer, or in any way unfair to his assistants. On the other hand, he was consideration and kindness itself. This matter was beginning to trouble him; the idea of changing his help haunted him—he dreaded it. But how was he to avoid it? How could he secure the services of a typist who would not desert him so summarily and without the slightest warning? How could he secure one who would be more or less permanent as his assistant, say for five years, at least? Even his business friends, not slow to notice this constant change in his office help, would laugh and nudge each other, remarking, “Hm! I see Bailey has another now. Wonder how long he will keep her.” Then again, they would laughingly greet Tom with “Hello, old boy! Got a new stenographer, I see. Success to you, old man. When you need another, let me know.” And they would slap him on the back in an encouraging, patronizing way. It became proverbial with Tom to have a new stenographer at least every nine months. Now, what was Tom to do?

At last the solution occurred to him, the idea of a possible remedy came upon him like a flash. It was just after the resignation of Miss Remington Number Six, and he was again (to use a commercial phrase) in the market for an expert typist. “I have it!” he exclaimed, slapping his thigh with great enthusiasm and vehemence. Wonder I never thought of it before. Whoop! It’ll work, sure.” And the next day there appeared in the “Daily Sun” the following curious advertisement:

WANTED: An expert stenographer; good opportunity;
only homely young ladies need apply. Inquire, PUBLIC
STENOGRAPHIC BUREAU.

Anxiously awaiting the result of his bold venture, he was highly gratified when that very afternoon, as homely a feminine specimen of humanity as he had ever laid eyes upon came into his office. At first his courage waned, but recalling his original resolution, he stuck to his purpose. Miss Keeler was competent in every way, but above all, she was, just what Tom wished, extremely homely. Many jeered and ridiculed Tom’s bold stroke, but he was very well satisfied, for instead of falling off (at least as he expected), his business increased steadily. Astonished beyond all measure, and still fearful that she too, might be taken from him, he resolved to watch her narrowly. He discovered, first of all, that her relations with those who called at the office were strictly business-like; she allowed nothing to interfere with her work in

the least. And then, too, he found to his astonishment, that his homely typist had a cheery greeting, a witty reply to any jest passed, for every customer of the Public Stenographic Bureau. Tom literally began to pat himself on the back for the thought that he had a permanent assistant at last transported him into the seventh heaven of delight. At any rate he was satisfied with the turn of events.

All went well, to be sure. But one night, at an informal reception, Tom unexpectedly met Miss Keeler. Of course, he was introduced by his hostess. Things went very well that evening; and when, as he escorted her to her home, he asked permission to call, his request was granted. To tell the truth, Tom was smitten with his typist and now he was a regular caller at Miss Keeler's home. Regular? To be sure. At length he asked the fatal question. A softly murmured "Yes" was the answer, and Tom went home that night in the seventh ethereal heaven of delight. As he walked along, a thought plunged him back to earth again.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" he exclaimed. "I've lost another stenographer."

FOND RECOLLECTIONS

After years of study now,
Our school day's almost o'er,
We view our four long years of work,
And wish them back once more.

As Freshmen first we started here,
Determined to win all;
But soon the Seniors let us know,
That we were mighty small.

Then next year, as great Sophomores,
In knowledge did we revel;
Its mystic charm did lure us
To climb to Wisdom's level.

Our Junior year we entered next,
As standards of the school;
'Twas said in one more year we'd put
The Faculty under rule.

The Senior stand at last we took,
And as mighty four A's, we
Heard prophecies that came not true,
But why? We could not see.

But Teachers dear, we'll ne'er forget,
The lessons you have taught,
We trust the future may perfect
The work your hands have wrought.

When in the after years we think
Of the happy days gone by;
We'll wish that we were back again
In dear old Central High.

HAROLD A. McDOUGALL

THE REVEILLE

Issued by the Class of June, Nineteen-twelve, of the Central Commercial & Manual Training High School, Newark, N. J.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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SCHOOL NEWS

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Robert Banta
Mary Tracy

ART

Harold A. McDougall

BUSINESS MGR.

Samuel Jelley

ASST. MGR.

Lawrence Roeder

CIRCULATION MGR.

William H. Smith

The last note of "The Reveille" will soon sound for the class of June, 1912. It will sound for the first class to graduate from Central High. It will sound for this class, our class.

Past experience has taught us that our several years in high school were not years of ease, but those of hard work. Future experience is still to teach us that the call of "The Reveille" is the call to still harder work and work of a more serious nature. In whatever walks of life our paths lead us, however, whether we are going to College for work, or whether we are going to work for college, let us remember that we must and should do our level best. Let us not forget that we owe a debt to our parents, to our teachers, to ourselves, which we can only pay by always striving for, and doing what is right and just. Let us remember that we owe our Alma Mater a debt which we can only pay by always being an honor to C. H. S.

Central High School! What do these words stand for? To an outsider, perhaps, they only denote the name of a public building wherein ten or twelve hundred boys and girls spend most of their time. To every right thinking unit of these ten or twelve hundred, however, the words "Central High School" denote more than an architecturally beautiful pile of brick. To us of Central they stand for the educational institution wherein we are taught the fundamental principles underlying the science of earning one's livelihood and the philosophy of good citizenship. To us of Central they stand for the place wherein we do to learn and not merely learn to do. To us of Central they stand for "School." To us of Central they stand for our Alma Mater.

Our school is radical in its system but to quote our Principal, "Central is the Leader of All and the Follower of None." The new system of study called "The Half-Hour System" by some and "The no Homework System" by others, has met with the full success desired and expected by its projectors. Those opposed to our method have seized upon the fact that many of us find it necessary to carry books home for further study.

Have they considered the fact that the average high school student could spend a half-year very, very profitably in studying CONCENTRATION? Under the old system the student had to prepare his assigned lessons and do his studying perhaps seven or eight hours after the recitation for that subject. Every teacher demanded at least one hour of outside work on the subject of which he had charge. The average student, therefore, should have had to spend at least four or five hours of study every night. Not one in a thousand ever accomplished this. If he failed to understand the explanation in the textbook he had to leave that part of his "homework" go till the next recitation—when he received a "zero" for his diligence. If he failed to understand the solution of a problem he had to "leave it till to-morrow" and the next recitation—when he received a "zero" for his lack of preparation.

In Central things are different. Recitation over, study begins. If you do not understand, the instructor is there to "make clear." If you can't "see," the instructor is here to "point out." You have your study period—put it to good use. The new system is long past the experimental stage.

"Central is the Leader and not the Follower."

One of the things which Central is teaching its pupils is the art of speaking well. Throughout one's life a person must have the ability to speak in public to make a success of his life's work, whether it is in business, professional life or politics. What better way of gaining this ability than by practising while at school? It is therefore the aim of the faculty to have each pupil speak twice (at least) before his or her graduation.

We have all listened to and enjoyed the well-delivered and interesting "talks" delivered by the senior pupils on the various topics. Perhaps some of us did hesitate a little or did shiver a bit, but the fact that the majority of us are so very, very anxious (?) for "another chance" would tend to prove that we enjoy the "torture."

At any rate it is obvious that the morning talks by the pupils are both interesting to the school at large and valuable to the speaker in particular.

Less than five months of work and already Central High School has been recognized and endorsed by the leading colleges in the country. Cornell, New York University, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, Rutgers—all are satisfied that Central High School is a Leader. We have received scholarships from leading universities while the majority have declared that admission would be granted on certificate without examination.

This is a record to be proud of: "Keep it up Central."

One of the things which has interested the United States in general, the city of Newark as a whole and Central High School in particular, is the greatest civic event of 1912—the Newark Industrial Exposition.

Gathered under the immense, beautifully decorated roof of the First Regiment Armory, the thousands of electric lights shedding a soft, golden glow, several hundred firms, representing and controlling the enormous sum of almost half a dozen billion dollars in capital, displayed their goods in hundreds of booths. Thousands of people from all over the country flocked to view this magnificent display.

The machines displayed ranged from the motor of one hundred and fifty horsepower to the small pin-making machine. There were printing presses, folding machines, adding machines, addressographs, a shoe-polishing machine and dozens of others, both great and small. Many industries were represented—the leather industry, the oil industry, the printing industry and many others.

The schools, too, had a part in the exhibition, for many articles made by pupils in the various schools were exhibited. The slogan was: "Newark Knows How" and Newark does know how—she proved it.

P.S. Central High is in Newark.

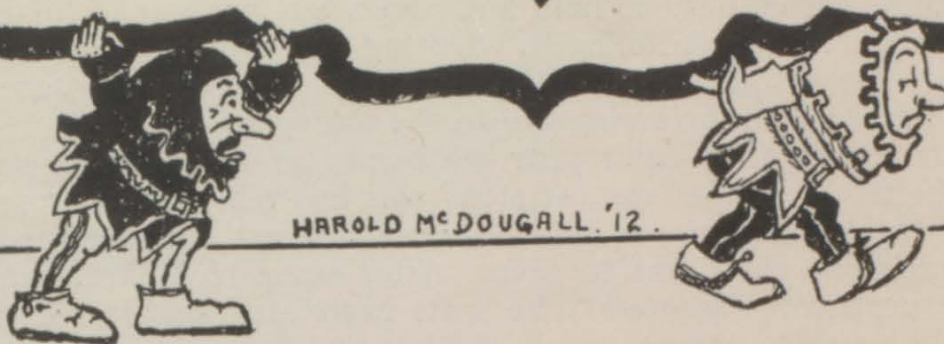
We take great pleasure in thanking the 4B's for the diligent and difficult work necessary to produce the farce, "All a Mistake," which they are giving in our honor. We appreciate the trouble and worry involved in producing a work of that sort, for we have learned from what can justly be called bitter experience. We expect to have a very enjoyable time on the evening of June 7, for the committee in charge and the cast of "All a Mistake" are fully competent to make it a success.

Again we thank you and wish the very best success to the class of January, 1913.



THE Class of 1912 desires to express its earnest thanks to Mr. Walter Arnold and Mr. Hubert De G. Main, of the Faculty, for the assistance they so willingly rendered in the work of preparing for Class Day and Commencement.

CLASS-NOTES



LOOKING BACKWARD.

We, the members of the distinguished Class of June, 1912, having "reached the utmost step" of the grammar school ladder, after a steady and laborious climb for eight continuous years, "unto that 'piece of apparatus' turned our backs" to ascend another one in the world of education; a task which has indeed been a more assiduous and a more difficult one. It is just four years ago that the members of our class entered the doors of Barringer High School. All of us were strongly determined that we would not be of the verdant variety and allow any sophomores to mock and ridicule us.

Our determinations, however, counted for naught and our resolutions were shattered, for we, seated for the time in a large assembly hall filled by a great throng of students, became partly nervous, partly motionless, and partly speechless, so that we, like all other freshies, just sat and stared. After sitting in the auditorium for fully half an hour, where we endured mocking, snickering and tormenting such as we had never before had the fortune to tolerate, a member of the faculty walked down the aisle to the piano, and we thank him to this very day for enlightening our downcast spirits.

Anxious to know who that kind teacher was, we soon learned that he was Mr. Safford, the instructor with whom we were to spend many of our study periods in attempting to cultivate our musical talents. Suddenly "all the air a solemn stillness" held, and we, naturally inclined to be erotematic, quickly turned our heads only to see a man whom we could not fail to recognize as our Principal, Mr. Stearns. He gave us a very brief but pleasant talk on "Life and the Conduct of Life" in the high school. After telling us that it was our misfortune to have to attend the annexes for the first term, and after informing us that we were to report to the State Street or the Market Street Annex, in accordance with our courses, we were dismissed for the day.

The next morning, bright and early, we went to school to commence our high school career. Being unable to partake of the joys of the main building, we struggled to get there as soon as possible. After much plugging and grinding at our lessons, at last the Fates decreed that the time had arrived for us to leave, forever, the annexes and thereafter plod back and forth to B. H. S. So our hearts brightened, and school life really became more of a pleasure.

After hammering away at algebra and at zoology, a study of which we were indeed fond (?), we actually became sophomores. But our second year was one which required good, hard study. The only joy that we had was that we bore the names of sophomores, and could gaze, snicker and jeer at the freshies, who were always the "cynosure of neighboring eyes."

However, happier days were awaiting us, for when we became Juniors, we really felt that our high school career had begun. Now our class was for the first time organized under the watchful eye of Miss Shepard, our Faculty Advisor. A constitution was drawn up and officers were elected. We tried hard to hold a sociable, but because of financial difficulties, we were not able to do so. During our Junior A term, however, we gave a sociable in the "gym." with great success. Dancing, games and refreshments gave pleasure to the merry crowd.

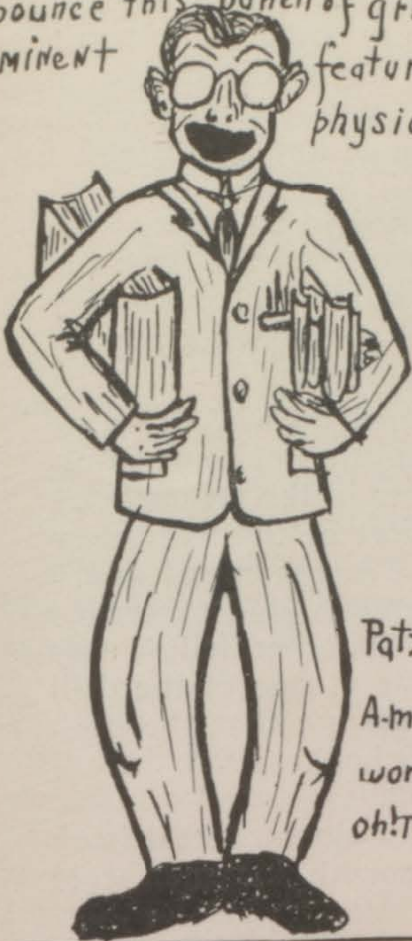
At the arrival of our Senior year we began to wear broad smiles because of the fact that the "utmost step" was but ten months from us. During our Senior B term our sole aim and interest was centered on the farce which our class was to give. After some real hard, earnest work on our part, we presented "The Title Mart" to the Class of January, 1912, with great success.

Then the greatest event in the history of our class took place, for we were transferred to the new Central High School. Our regret at leaving the familiar halls of B. H. S. was tinged with wondrous joy at the new prospect before us during our final term in Central High. We were greatly inspired by our new and beautiful environments, and we were fully prepared to spend the happiest and the most strenuous part of our high school career in a school which, by the energetic work of our Principal, Mr. Wiener, has already become the leader of them all. Amid the confusion of the opening, we quickly busied ourselves in organizing our class. With the aid of our Faculty Advisor, Mr. Herzberg, we drew up a constitution. Then we held the election for officers and chose Gustav Patz to be our Pilot; Miss Evelyn Rademacher as Assistant Pilot; Robert Banta to take care of the money(less) treasury, and Miss Lillian Kopp to wield the quill. Because of our financial embarrassments, the first thing we acted upon was a means of getting a big enough fund for graduation. So we held a candy sale, which proved very successful, as a result of the excellent school spirit in Central High School. Then we chose our class pins and selected black and gold as the colors under which our crew was to sail. When Arbor Day arrived, the class witnessed the planting of the ivy which we had purchased. The "strong men" of the class worked mightily until they excavated a place large enough for the plant. Our names, inscribed on a sheet of parchment, were then buried in a sealed bottle among the roots of the ivy. Examinations for the different positions on the class paper were then held and from among those receiving the highest marks the Editor-in-Chief and Associate Editor were elected. We had much discussion as to what name we should choose for our paper, but finally "The Reveille" (Reve-le) was suggested and almost unanimously accepted. Our next undertaking was the preparation for Class Day and Commencement. Two distinctly original schemes for these occasions were planned out with the help of our competent Faculty Adviser, Mr. Herzberg.

So, with all distinctions, we now make our exit from the halls of Central High, to return only as dignified alumni. With the dawn of to-morrow I shall hear the call of "The Reveille" to fresh woods and pastures new, leaving the memory of the Class of June, 1912, the first class to issue from Central High School, the "Leader of All."

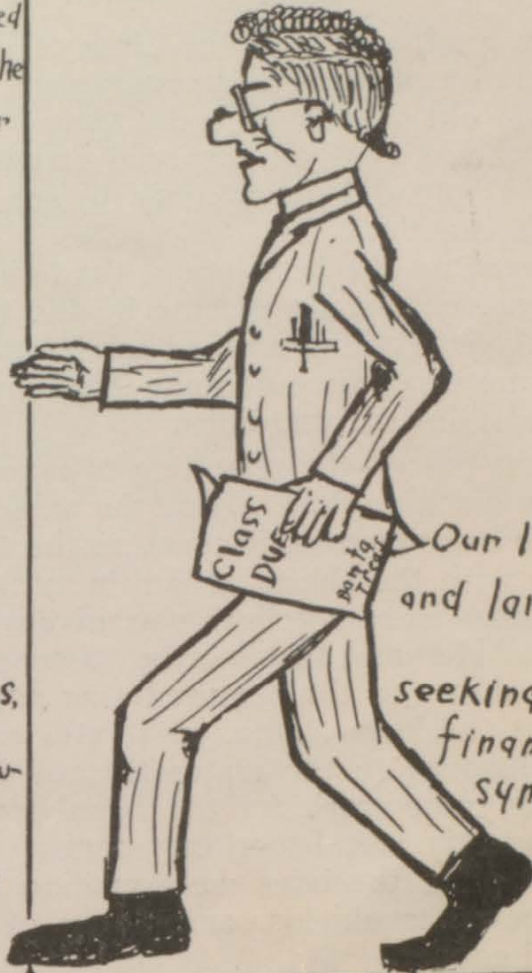
FRANK A. WILLIAMS.

Now Gentlemen, if you persist in your attempts to annoy me, I shall be forced to bounce this bunch of gristle off the prominent features of your physiognomy.



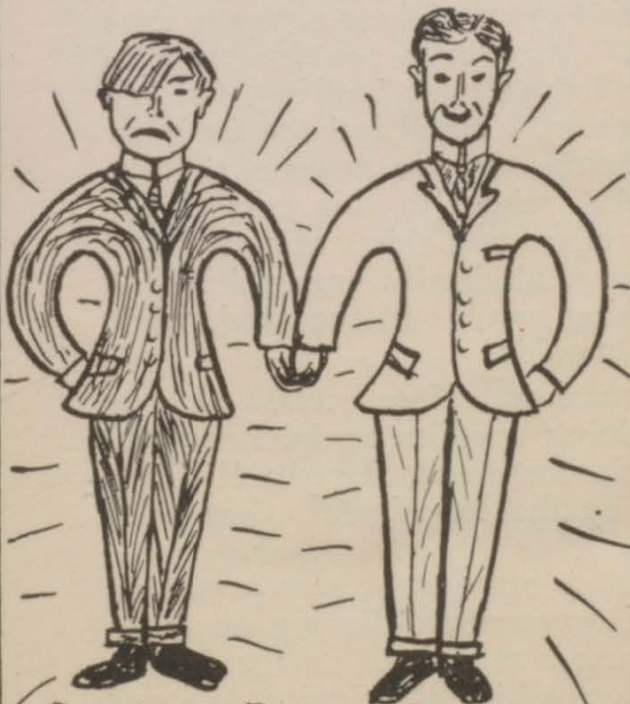
Patz, our Pres.
A man of a few words but—
oh! Those few.

Dues be due—Gotta Quarter?



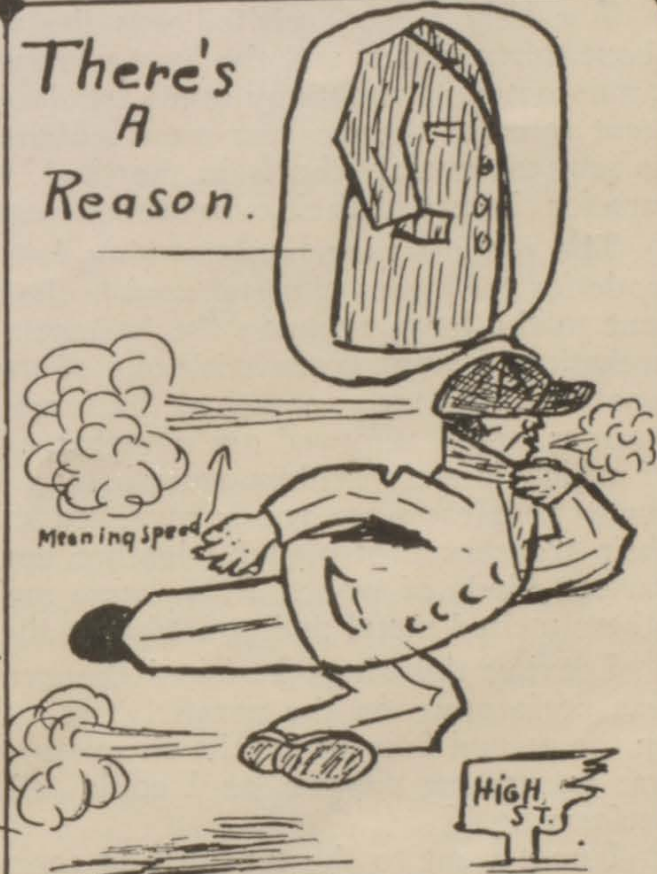
Our long and lanky Treas
seeking financial sympathy.

Even as You and I.



Roeder & Jelly after Easter Vacation—their first pair

There's
A
Reason.



Mack home ward bound at 3 P.M.
in those cold Feb. days
without his blanket. HM

C. H. S. IN 1913.

By R. B.

Having graduated with the Class of June, 1912, and, having immediately secured a position of stenographer, I had no opportunity of again visiting the old school for some time. One day, about the middle of February, I was sent on a special errand to the Central High School. This was a splendid opportunity to see my Alma Mater again, and I accepted it eagerly.

As I went up the front steps, the building seemed to be empty save for an occasional person passing by the window. I opened the door and immediately everything seemed to change. The rumbling of machinery reminded me very much of some large factory, and contrasted strangely with the exterior surroundings.

I left the office—the pounding of machinery directly ahead drew me toward the machine shop. Here the scene resembled that of some workshop. The huge motors, fastened to the steel girders in the ceiling were connected with the shafts, which in turn drove most of the machinery in the room. Here a fellow was given a piece of rough metal and a blue print. He went to his lathe, fastened the metal in, and proceeded to turn it down to the required size and shape. Another fellow was working at the large plane, while still another was at one of the drill presses. I spoke to the instructor and he informed me that the boys were doing some work for the Hamburg Place School. From here I next went to the metal working room.

In that place the boys were making handles for doors, metal book racks, typewriter shields, and doing other work with hammer, cold chisel, and copper.

The next place I visited was the wood-turning room. Here were about thirty lathes, and the boys were making rolling-pins for the cooking department and many other articles of value. In the joinery department some of the workers were making teacher's desk (which were to be sent to several schools in the city), while others were making furniture for the use of their own school.

The pattern room was running full blast. Here the patterns were made for the pieces of metal used in the mill room. These patterns were sent to the forge room in the basement. Anxious to see this room in operation, I went down with one of the fellows who had just finished a pattern. As we approached the forge room, I could feel the air grow warmer, and I removed my overcoat. Before me was a scene, the like of which is very seldom seen in any day school in this part of the country. Here were young men, coats, collars and shirts removed, and their trousers protected by leather aprons, all busily engaged in the various kinds of work. Some were making moulds in the sand, while others melted metal and poured it in the moulds.

Leaving this shop, I visited the gymnasium. Here a class of boys was performing on the parallel bars. Going upstairs again, I stopped on the second floor to see the chemistry class at work. Here a 4B Class was generating oxygen, as I could tell by the experiments they were performing.

I next went to the typewriting room. A busy scene was presented here. In one corner were a number of typewriters clicking away, in another a student was learning how to use a machine. In the farther corner of the room was a phonograph from which the Senior A Speed Class took dictation, both in shorthand and on the typewriter.

I then went to the department for sewing and millinery. In sewing the girls were making simple dresses such as would be suitable for school wear. Directions were given by the teachers, either by demonstration, by board directions, or by some other method; and the students then set about doing the work as directed. Many very fine pieces of work were the result. The class rooms devoted to this work were equipped with sewing machines, ironing boards, electric irons, and all other paraphernalia needed for sewing. Simple hats were also being made by the girls for their own use.

Proceeding to the third floor, the first point of interest was the physics laboratory, where a 3A Class was performing experiments in connection with static electricity. After leaving this room, I visited the mechanical drawing department. Here some boys were just learning to draw, while others were making large charts from models.

As I left this room, my nose took me directly to the cooking department, where the girls were making some kind of cakes. I only wish I could have had some, for they smelled fine.

I had spent about an hour visiting the school, so I had to hurry back, but I shall never regret having taken that time to see old C. H. S. again.

CLASS IVY COMMITTEE.

What other proceedings of a Class can there be than one when a Class decides to leave behind it a memorial, when it bequeathes to posterity a tangible something to impress future generations with the greatness of that great Class? It is here then that the Class Ivy is placed; and to carry out the will of the Class in this particular, "Little Gloom" Roeder was elected as chairman of the Class Ivy Committee. Now, funny things will occur anywhere if you will but keep your eyes open—your ears, too.

By the way, Mr. Samuel Jelley and Mr. Henry Lifshin were Mr. Roeder's associates. They—the Committee—came to the florist. You know, the Chairman is to take the initiative in all committee work, but dear Mr. Roeder is not of this Class. Standing before the florists, he said, in quavering tones: "Push me in, Lifshin, I want to buy a Class Ivy." Roeder, in short, was safely navigated in the florist and the Ivy was happily bought.

CLASS PIN COMMITTEE.

"They who are first shall be first, and they,"—etc.

Yes, so it was with our Class Pins. Anxious to be the first to wear the insignificant gold decorations styled Class Pins, we were "dumped." Mr. Harry Salzman was the Chairman of this Committee. If he had any assistants I know not; methinks he attended to this personally—wait—he did have four assistants, too.

The pins were ordered. Proof submitted. Proof sent back as satisfactory. Period of silence from pin firm. Mr. Salzman sojourned to New York (after one month had passed), and brought back positive assurance that pins would come soon. (Rise of hopes in Class.) (Another month.)

Pins came, and distributed amidst great rejoicings, as if meeting a long-lost brother.

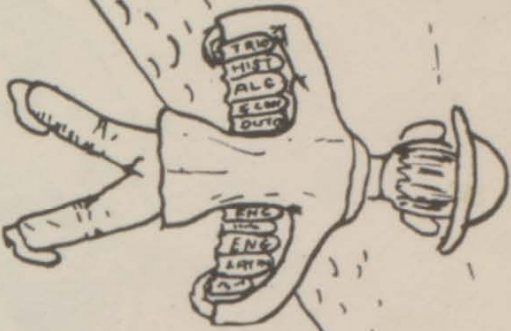
CLASS ALPHABET

- B is for Banta
He's so lanky and lean;
B That he looks very much
Like a nice long string bean.
- B is also for Bucklow.
She'd rather talk than eat,
So when she gets going,
You'd better retreat.
- F is for Fulcher,
F She's Associate, too;
So I guess I won't talk
About her—now, would you?
- And next on the list
H Is Harrison, our friend;
H When matching him pennies
Your pennies defend.
- J is for Jelley;
But he's such a runt,
That it's only his size
J Which brings him to the front.
- J is also for Jenner;
And her hair is so bright,
You can see it for many
A mile, e'en at night.
- K is for Kopp.
She's a good looking lass,
But she does too much looking
In her looking glass.
- K is also for Kraeuter,
K She's so kwiet and kalm,
That her "amoures" with Frankie
Make us start with alarm.
- L is for Lefkowitz,
Who, too, comes in here.
She's as still as a mouse
L When a sly cat is near.
- L's also for Lifshin,
Our Ed-in-chief proud;
And he gives more advice
Than's thought best by the crowd.

- Now M is for "Mack,"
He's our Class Jester, too;
He makes us feel happy
When we are quite blue.
- M is also for Moore,
He's a poet of fame;
So all we shall do,
Is to mention his name.
- M is for Moryck.
He's a sport, is that "guy"
But all that he lives on,
Is "sinkers" and pie.
- And next in the line,
Is our wonderful (?) Patz;
Whose words and bright ties,
Give us numerous shocks.
- P is also for Press,
Whose nickname is "Greek;"
But it might well be "Roman,"
By the size of his "Beak."
- Miss Rademacher's name's too long,
For us to make a rhyme;
And even if it weren't,
We haven't got the time.
- R is for Roeder,
Who looks like a girl;
The only thing lacking,
Is a nice little curl.
- R is also for Roberts,
She's a giggler of note;
And she's always a-making,
That—hic—noise in her throat.
- R's for the Lillian,
Whose last name is Rush;
She was not here a week,
Before she'd a crush.
- S is for Salzman,
He's a man of renown;
It took him three months,
To bring our pins roun'.
- S is for Smith,
Sleeping Beauty in disguise,
Whenever he Studies (?) ?,
We laud him to the skies.
- All hail the next 'S',
Whose name is "ME! I! IT! Schnur!"
We love him so much,
Can we the pain endure?

Widinar's Misdemeanors

No Home Work!!



But— we now KNOW our subjects

TRAINING IN C.H.S.!

Voice in Gym — "Thanks for today, Boys"



Our Girls!

Miss Tracy—

"I may be fat but I've a kind disposition any way!"



Of course the Seniors are bright Miss Tenners hair is enough to enlighten the world

No kind reader—twas not her mouth which moved in the first class pictures—twas Edelyn her head—mind you Rademacher twas only her head

Semi-annual Sale

Brand new School to be sold to highest bidder



We Love (?) to do this

Goddess of Study



Student

"The Hours I spent with Thee, dear Heart!"

LEAP-YEAR LOVE

As applied to Miss Krauter and Williams



"He's mine an' I'm Hisn"

Miss A

Senior "A" Class Attendees "Miss Helen of Troy" in New York

A = Salzman
B = Banta
C = Lifshin
D = Moore



Gustav Hatz

Alias, "DUTCH"

Address, 66 HOLLAND STREET

Course, COMEMRCIAL

Prospects, RUTGERS

Activities, PRESIDENT 1912.
"REVEILLE"



May Bucklow

Alias, "WINDY"

Address, 31½ WARWICK STREET

Course, GENERAL

Prospects, NORMAL

Activities, "SUFFRAGIST"

Samuel Jelley

Alias, "SUNNY JIM"

Address, 75 RENNER AVENUE

Course, COMMERCIAL

Prospects, COLUMBIA

Activities, "REVEILLE"





Lillian E. Rush

Alias, "CUTEY"

Address, 297 SOUTH 7th STREET

Course, GENERAL

Prospects, YALE CONSERVATORY

Lawrence John Roeder

Alias, "LITTLE GLOOM"

Address, 368 SO. ORANGE AVE.

Course, COMMERCIAL

Prospects, BUSINESS

Activities, "REVEILLE"





Abe Press

Alias, "GREEK"

Address, 409 SPRINGFIELD AVE.

Course, GENERAL

Prospects, BUSINESS

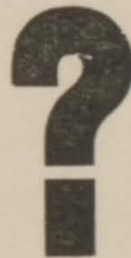
Chauncy Ray Moryck

Alias, "PERCY"

Address, 141 SOMERSET STREET

Course, COMMERCIAL

Prospects, BUSINESS





Fanny Lefkowitz

Alias, "SILENCE"

Address, 477 BROAD STREET

Course, GENERAL

Prospects, NORMAL

William Herda Smith

Alias, "BILLY"

Address, 385 BERGEN STREET

Course, GENERAL

Prospects, CORNELL

Activities, "REVEILLE"





Ellen K. Roberts

Alias, "HA! HA!"

Address, FRELINGHUYSEN AVE.

Course, GENERAL

Prospects, NORMAL

Activities, "NUTTIN, DON'T
BOTHER ME"

Philip Henry Harrison

Alias, "GUNK"

Address, 334 ROSEVILLE AVENUE

Course, GENERAL

Prospects, MISSOURI

Activities, PIVOT
BASEBALL TEAM
HOCKEY TEAM



Kenneth H. Moore

Alias, "ARCHIBALD"

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Course, MANUAL TRAINING

Prospects, CORNELL

Activities, CLASS DAY
COMMITTEE

**MARY OF 1912**

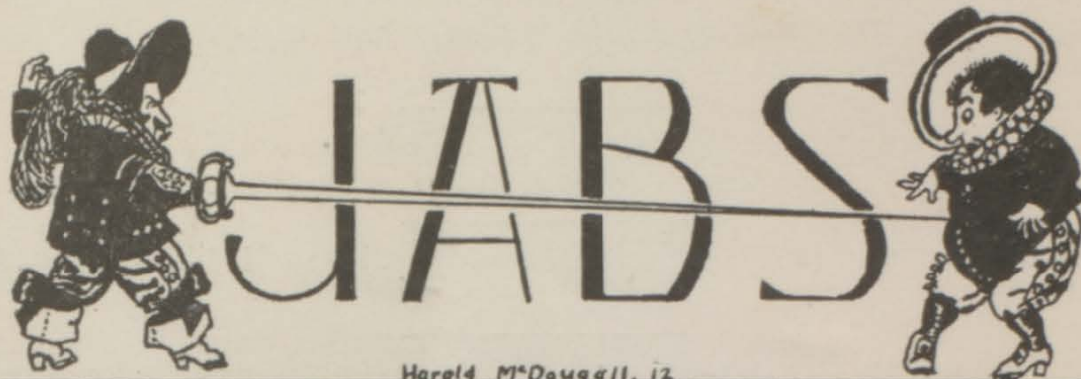
BY KENNETH MOORE

Mama had a little girl,
Her name was Mary Ann.
She always was a nuisance,
Until her school began.

So Mary went to school one day;
She took a little book.
Her mother told her to be good,
But Mary "played the hook."

She wandered far and wide that day;
She had a lovely time.
She ate up sixteen lolly-pops,
And her sodas numbered nine.

When school was out she went right home.
Her dad asked, "How was school?"
She told him all about her spree;
Poor Mary got the rule.



WELCOME, EVERYBODY.

For the benefit of our readers we wish to say that Reveille is pronounced *rev eill e*

Reveille means get up and start something.

Experts say that it is impossible to make a perpetual motion machine; but, no doubt, they would change their minds if they ever heard Miss Rademacher talk.

Press—Say, Jelley, if you say one word, I'll smear "yuh."

MacDougall—My coat is on the "hook" to-day.

Who is the sweetest boy in the class? Why, Jelley, of course.

Mr. Herzberg—Miss Bucklow, you will deliver a talk on—

Miss Bucklow—Oh! I can't talk.

Miss Rush (Dancing Class)—Oh, I can't get those steps in my head.

Miss Dobbins—You don't want them in your head. Get them in your feet.

OH! PEROXIDE!

Smith—What's the matter, Lillian, your hair's getting sunburned.

Moryck—Say, Mack, why do you hold your ears when you study?

Mack—To keep them from wagging.

When Jelley addressed the school he stood behind Mr. Wiener's desk for two reasons.

1. To hide his short trousers.
2. So that nobody could see his knees tremble.

Roeder (in front of the florist's)—Push me in, Lifshin; I want to buy a class ivy.

Lifshin—Miss Fulcher is one of the nicest girls I ever struck.

Salzman—How many did you strike?

Whom must we thank for our success?

Whom must we thank not brief?

You all, no doubt, can easily guess,

Lifshin, our "ed-in-chief.

Mr. Herzberg: "The poetical temperament is exerting its influence to-day in the form of slang, which is also a kind of poetry." (Press is therefore the class poet.)

1 B: "Why are the Senior 'A's' so well protected?"

4 B: "Why, they always have a 'Kopp' with them."

Miss Bucklow (speaking of the candy sale): "I like kisses—let's sell them."

Miss Jenner: "In speaking of a postage stamp, would you say he, she or it?"

Miss Tracy: "Why he, of course; it's mail, isn't it?"

Miss Jenner: "But when you pay for it, it's fee-mail."

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

How much did Philadelphia Pa?

Whose grass did K. C. Mo?

How many eggs could New Orleans La?

How much did Cleveland O?

What was it made Chicago Ill?

'Twas Washington D. C.

She would Tacoma Wash in spite

Of Baltimore M. D.

When Hartford and New Haven Connect,

What Reuben do they soak?

Could Noah build a Little Rock Ark?

If he had no Guthrie Ok?

We call Minneapolis Minn.

Why not Annapolis, Ann?

If you can't tell the reason why,

I'll bet Topeka Kan.

But now you speak of ladies.

What a Butte Montana is!

If I could borrow Memphis Tenn,

I'd treat the Jackson Miss.

Would Denver Cola cop because

Ottumwa Ia' dore?

And, though my Portland Me doth love,

I throw my Portland Ore.

Miss Bucklow objected strongly to the name "Windy"—she thought it did and could not apply to her. We who know her, however, have felt the "draft" more than once.

The distinguished (?) member of the Class of January, 1913, Miss Berdie Breger, has asked that we kindly print her name in *The Reveille* as she considers it the "Height of affluence." Here it is, Berdie:

Miss **BERDIE BREGER**

Of course everyone on the "Reveille" Board worked; some of them have a contribution on every page—their **names**.

HIS ANCESTORS.

The chauffeur never spoke except when addressed, but his few utterances, given in a broad brogue, were full of wit.

One of the men in the party remarked: "You're a bright sort of a fellow, and it's easy to see that your people come from Ireland."

"No, sor; ye are very badly mistaken," replied Pat.

"What!" said the man; "didn't they come from Ireland?"

"No, sor," answered Pat, "they're there yit."

HE PREFERRED THE NICKEL.

She was a dreamy young lass, interested only in the "higher things of life," and she rarely bothered in ordinary mortals or things. Consequently she did not look at her carfare when she handed it to the conductor. He handed it back, saying: "Thank ye kindly, Miss, but I'd rather have the nickel."

Then she looked at it. It was a candy lozenge and bore in red letters the words: "I'll never cease to love thee."

THE STORY OF A MULE.

A certain Mr. "Williams" imported a mule from "Harrison." On the way over the sea (the Passaic), she lost her shoes, and it was with great difficulty that the "Smith," after loosening the "Traces," finally shod her. Shortly after, she became balky and the "Patz" from those around failed to stop her "Bucking" and kicking Banta in the "Lef(t) shin." As a last resource, it was decided to give her some "Jelley." This seemed to prove successful, and "Moore" was given her. At this point she was taken ill, and being unable to breathe, she was revived by means of an oxygen "Jenner"-ator. Mr. "Moryck," a by-stander, tied a "Schnur" around her neck and led her on. This broke, however, and Mr. "Salzman," a skillful rider of Latin ponies, jumped on her back. But he only "Roeder" a short distance. When interviewed at the hospital, he was still unable to relate what had happened. Meanwhile the animal made a "Rush" for the water, only to be checked by a "Kopp." A large crowd gathered around, and furnished ample material for "A. Press" story.

Banta (Pointing to "Mac"): "Why girls leave home."

"Mac" (Pointing to Banta): "Why they come home again."

Dr. Knowlton (in economics): "Do you believe in taxing breweries?"

Miss Kreuter: "Sure, to their utmost capacity."

Miss Bucklow (reciting in economics): "Women and children are just the same. They're just like me, a little overgrown."

Roeder (reciting in English): "His health failed, so he went to the continent to seek it."

Mr. Sinclair: "What are nitrates?"

Voice in the rear: "\$3 to \$5."

Miss Sayre: "Smith, we're waiting for you."

Smith: "Don't wait for me; I'm in no hurry."

AFTER OUR MORNING SPEECHES TO THE SCHOOL.

Miss Kopp—"Well, I didn't know it good."
 Miss Rush—"Did I do good."
 Miss Fulcher—"Oh, I wasn't nervous a bit."
 Miss Kraeuter—"I was scared to death."
 Sam. Jelley—"Gee, it's easy when you get up there."
 Abe Press—"Did you see me shiver?"
 Harry Salzman—"Gosh, it's a pike."
 Harold McDougall—"It's swell when you know how."
 Gus. Patz—"It's fine."
 Henry Lifshin—"It's fine when you get up there."
 Philip Harrison—"Thank God, that's over."

AT THE BOARD MEETINGS.

Banta—"I don't think we want our pictures in the class paper, we want the paper to sell."
 Patz's vociferous and spontaneous verbal expostulations.
 Miss Rademacher's needless presence(?).
 Lifshin—"Aside from the art editor, I know we all can draw."

H. (Heard in stockroom)—Is this "H"?
 "Yes," was the reply.

Mr. Herzberg (February 1)—"Should you fail to cease conversing at the sounding of the order gong, you will please report here at the close of the school session and receive proper instruction in that branch of etiquette."

(June 1)—"Miss —, please report here tonight."

Salzman—"Oh dear!"
 Miss Jenner—"Talking to me, Harry?"
 Salzman—"No, I'm talking to myself."

Banta—I know a fellow who says he can neither stand up nor sit down.

Press—Well, if he tells the truth, he lies.
 (Warden, is the scaffold ready?)

Miss Rademacher—"What have you got in that bag?"
 Miss Bucklow—"My shape."
 Miss Rademacher—"Your shape?"
 Miss Bucklow—"Yes, the shape for my Easter hat."

Schnur (speaking of class pictures)—"Of all the class pictures taken at B. H. S. only two have been unsatisfactory. I know it for a fact, because I was on one and my brother on the other."

Miss Jenner—"I don't deserve that 6, and I'm going to do something that will deserve it."

Roeder—"You thief, I'm as honest as you are."

RUSTLERS OF 101 RANCH.

R. Banta	Running Bob
A. Press	Arizona Pete
W. Smith	Wyoming Si
S. Jelley	Sacramento Joe
L. Roeder	Louisiana Roger
H. Lifshin	Hot-air Luke
C. Moryck	Colorado Mike
K. Moore	Kentucky Mut
H. Salzman	Happy Skunk

TOO CONSPICUOUS TO FORGET.

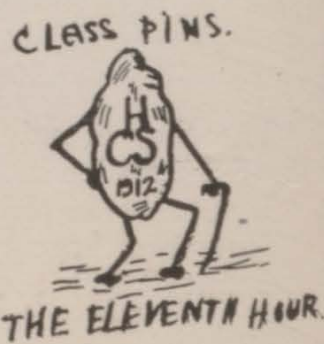
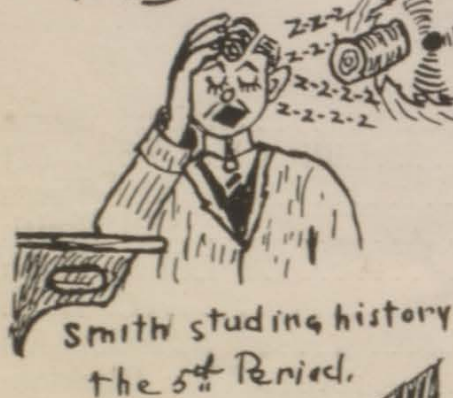
Patz's light orange colored socks.
 Banta's hair.
 The long pants on Roeder and Jelley.
 May Bucklow's red hair ribbon, belt and tie.
 Lifshin's advice at the "Board" meetings.
 Salzman's promptness (?) in getting our class pins.
 Miss Rush's powder puff.
 William's gray suit.
 Schnur's wonderful speech on the Titanic.
 Miss Lefkowitz's silence.
 Miss Robert's violent attacks of joy.
 Miss Jenner's frantic objections to being personalized.

OUR LIBRARY.

"The Sky Man"	Robert Banta
"An Interview"	Lillian Kopp and (?)
"Tower of Ivory"	Abe Press
"Slow but Sure"	Bill Smith
"Beauty" (?)	Lillian Rush
"City of Beautiful Nonsense"	C. H. S.
"Great Expectations"	Senior A's
"The Philosophy of Dancing"	May Bucklow
"Spiritual Unrest"	Everybody at 12:15
"The Artistic Barber"	Frank Williams
"The Half Way House"	Proctor's
"She"	Annie Fulcher
"The Gossip"	Evelyn Rademacher
"Silent Sea"	Fannie Lefkowitz
"Dictionary"	Gus Patz
"Conventionality of Clothes"	Moryck
"The Critic"	Mr. Herzberg
"A Study in Scarlet"	Maude Jenner
"A Man of Genius"	"Chick" Lifshin
"The Blazed Trail"	Way to the Detention Room
"A Certain Rich Man"	Salzman
"The Probationer"	Mr. Wiener
"Egoist"	David L. Schnur
The Fruitful (?) Vine	Class Ivy
"King Solomon's Mines"	Purses of Faculty
"The Noble Rogue"	Harold McDougall

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WATER-CARRIERS.
for the occasion.

Lifshin—Planting
the Class Ivy
on Arbor Day.



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Soliciting Ads.



Dr. Herman I will see you from three to four
 Miss Schenk Back, girls; this is an up stairway
 Mr. Telfer Down stairway!
 Mr. Herzberg Those who go to mathematics are excused
 Dr. Knowlton Bear this fact in mind
 Mrs. Lynde Come get a demonstration
 Mr. Wiener This school is the leader of all and follower of none
 Mr. Calman Goot! 6
 Mr. Wardell.. Be careful of the skew chisel, boys (echo—clap—clap—
 Bang!!)
 Mr. Anderson Thanks for to-day, boys
 Miss Dobbins Place, rest

Miss Kraeuter: "We do the same things that you do in gym."
 Banta: "You do like fun. We walk on our hands."

IT, ME, I.

By David L. Schnur.

"I" passed the Harvard "exams" two years ago. "I" won a scholarship. "I" have won many prizes in speaking contests. "I" have been president of at least a dozen clubs. "I" have composed professional music. "I" knew that the Titanic would sink on her maiden voyage. "I" have accomplished many things for which great honor and glory has been bestowed upon "me." "I" picked Johnson to beat Jeffries. "I" picked the Athletics to trim the Giants. "I" have picked hundreds of winners in the last few years, "I" have. (Echo I—I—I—)
 (When he woke up, he was in a padded cell.)

Lifshin (in 318): "Who dun dat?"

"Mac's" old art hung on the walls,
 For the 4 A sale, by Heck.
 The only thing that he can't draw
 Is a thousand dollar check.

Patz (declaiming): "Newark of the future! What shall it be?"
 Mac: "Cuspidors and ash cans."

OUR OPERATIC AIRS.

Roeder "Run home and tell your mother"
 Miss Lefkowitz "I wonder why they pick on me"
 MacDougall and Moryck..... "I want to be way down in Dixie"
 Lifshin "Take a little tip from father"
 Patz "Ach, du lieber augustin"
 Miss Tracy "Skinny"
 Smith "Sleepyhead"
 Rush "Billy"
 Schnur "I like music with my meals"
 Miss Jenner "Redhead"
 Press I want some one to call me dearie"
 Williams "I could love a million girls"
 Jelley "The Candy Kid"
 Diploma "You are the ideal of my dreams"

WHAT WE HEAR EVERY DAY.

Banta You owe me a quarter
 Miss Bucklow Oh, shut up
 Miss Fulcher Wouldn't that jar your mother's preserves
 Jelley The harry with it
 Miss Jenner Oh, how I love that man
 Miss Kopp Gosh
 Miss Lefkowitz (A dense silence)
 Lifshin Hope you choke
 MacDougall According to the laws of the Medes and the Persians
 Moryck Righteous
 Patz As it were—
 Press Hey, lend me your algebra
 Miss Rademacher Isn't he insulting?
 Miss Roberts He! He! (P. S.—Sometimes Ha! Ha!)
 Roeder Aw, yuh gilley
 Miss Rush Lend me your mirror
 Salzman Holy smokers!
 Smith I think you're drunk
 Schnur OUR paper (meaning the Sunday Call)
 Williams Oh, now stop

Sewing Teacher: "Miss Rademacher, will you please go to Store Room H——."

Miss Kopp (in gym): "Stand in front of the girl in back of you."

Deary is the best real name
 To Roeder to apply.
 Show him this,
 Or call him Miss,
 And hear the poor boy cry.

By Gus Patz:

I hate to be erotematic,
 But I must ask with hope ecstatic—
 Could any one think it fallacious
 To call a gem margaritaceous?
 Or unrefuted be it stated
 That many flowers are fimbriated.
 (Oh, ye gods!)

Bobby: "This sailor must have been some acrobat."

Mamma: "Why, dear?"

Bobby: "Because the book says, 'Having lit his pipe he sat down on his chest.'"—Ex.

Teacher (in civics): "If the President, Vice-President and all the Cabinet died, who would officiate?"

James: "The undertaker."—Ex.

"What are you smiling about?" asked Noah.

"I was just thinking," replied Japhet, "how lucky it was we could go ahead and build this ark without waiting for an appropriation from Congress."—Ex.

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NEWARK, N. J.



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of this proposition—the character
of the development.

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Newark, N. J.

Maude sang a raggy sopraner,
And ragged it on the pianer,
But, alas! a note
Got caught in her throat.
The neighbors now sing "Hozanner."

May Bucklow's very fond of red,
Both round her neck and on her head.
The tie she wears of brightest hue,
We think is most becoming—Phew!



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CLINTON & BADGER AVES. *Thos. D. Jackson, Prop.*

For full particulars, see
our Mr. McDougall, of the
Senior-A class

Now listen, my boys (but "no tellee"),
To the story of a boob named Jelley.

He went down one day
To the "gym" they say,
And there fell flat upon his belly.

How he did it!—he had us astounded,
But finally when asked he expounded:

My left foot, you see,
Got mixed with my knee,
And then I saw stars—confound it!

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APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"My very hairs do mutiny"	Salzman
"A little learning is a dangerous thing"	Schnur
"A great book is a great evil"	Patz
"Speech is silver, silence is golden"	Miss Lefkowitz
"Money is the root of all evil"	Banta
"Birds of a feather flock together"	Roeder and Jelley
"Never judge from appearances"	Miss Tracy
"All that glitters is not gold"	Class Pins
"Good things are wrapped in small packages"	Miss Fulcher
"On a fool's beard the barber learns to shave"	Williams
"One does not buy beauty in a kettle"	Miss Rush
"A mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease"	Reveille Board
"He from whose lips divine persuasion flows"	Mr. Wiener

DO THESE SOUND FAMILIAR?

Mr. Webb	Do you get it?
Mr. Sinclair	Any questions?
Miss Sayre	..Don't come back to the room until you've been to the office
Mr. Triess	Ganz richtig

THE DAY BEFORE THE CLASS PICTURE.

(Notice on 4 A Bulletin by Lifshin.)

"Unto each and everyone: Clothe yourself in the niftiest of thy raiment; for saith not the prophet (x y z, 7-11) that thou must shine like unto a rotten carrot when thou hast thy mug took."

We hope the excellence of Brewster Milk Chocolate may tempt you to use our Dutch Maid Cocoa also. Dutch Maid is better than usual cocoa in three ways:



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The Dutch process makes all the fats easily soluble.

Better Taste

fine richness and delicacy.

Economical

you use only a half-teaspoonful to a cup instead of a teaspoonful.

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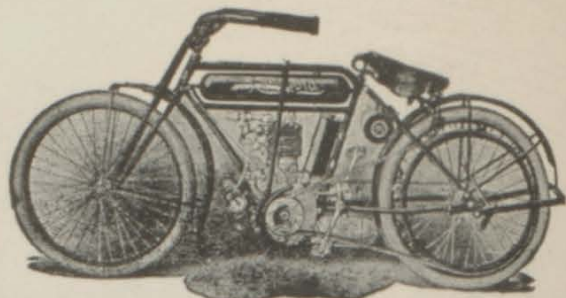
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Harrison: "What is our lesson in English?"

Miss Fulcher: "Find three likenesses and five contrasts of——"

Harrison: "Three different likenesses of whom?"

An officer was showing the old lady over the battleship. "This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where the captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself."
—Ex.

Compliments of
A. Kingsland Sutton

BOOKED AT OUR THEATRE.

"The Right to Be Happy"	4 A's
"The Red Widow"	Miss Jenner
"As a Man Thinks"	Patz
"Baby Mine"	Roeder
"The Music (?) Master"	Schnur
"The Talker"	Miss Bucklow
"The Winsome Widow"	Miss Kopp
"The Slim Princess"	Miss Tracy
"Honey Boy Minstrels"	Moryck and MacDougall
"World of Pleasure"	Room 101
"The Bird of Paradise"	Miss Rademacher
"Such a Little Queen"	Miss Fulcher
"The Chocolate Soldier"	Jelley
"The Traveling Salesman"	Salzman
"The Fortune Hunter"	Banta
"Far Away"	Harrison
"A Gentleman of Leisure"	Moore
"The Bachelor's Baby"	Press
"A Fool There Was"	Smith
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APPLIED.

Miss Kraeuter stood on the burning
deck;

Relief ships blew their horns.
Alas! she could not move because
The heat had popped her corns.

Our janitor—we pity him,
As all good people must;
For every night the poor old man
Again returns to dust.

WHO'S WHICH IN ECONOMICS.

Socialist Patz
Single Tax Moryck
Suffragette Miss Bucklow
Free Trade Williams
Protective Tariff Harrison
Anarchist Schnur

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust.
If English doesn't flunk us,
Chemistry must.
(How about it, Mr. Sinclair?)

The Senior A's of Central High
Are right up to the scratch;
Among the freaks of that great class
Are the orange socks of Patz.

The hair that Miss May Bucklow
wears
Is hers—now, who'd a-thought it?
She swears 'tis hers and true she
swears,
For I know where she bought it.

Wherefore wearest thy shoe so torn?
Of Frank we've always asked.
I've let the doctor cut a corn;
It was a mighty task.

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Policeman: "What? Run away, and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."—Ex.

Minister: "So you're going to school now, are you, Bobby?"

Bobby (age 6): "Yes, sir."

Minister: "Spell kitten for me."

Bobby: "Oh, I'm further advanced than that. Try me on cat."—Ex.

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Salzman—"Do you know Jim?"

Moore—"Jim who?"

Salzman—"Physical education."

Lifshin—"Say, Smith, what course will you graduate in?"

Smith—"In the course of time."

Salzman (surprised at his card)—"Oh, look! I'm—turning 8 (Wood turning)."

Miss Rademacher—"Is that all, Harry? I thought you were 17 at least."

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WILTON R. CAPPS
Sec. Commission N. J.
Inland Waterways

Smithy, Smithy, always sleepy,
How do your lessons go?
With sixes and fives
And occasional sighs
And zeroes, too, all in a row.

Down in the gym,
On the parallel bars,
"Little Gloom" Roeder
Would compete with the stars.

Up swings he,
With face so red.
Down comes he,
Plump on his head.

And in a fit of frolic and mirth,
He strove to span my waist.
Alas! I was so broad of girth,
I would not be embraced."

(Miss Tracy)

POTTER

Photographer

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ures that
has made
this news-
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popular.

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dealers will
serve it
regularly.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

"Are the pink curtains up in the booths?"

"Yes, madam."

"Blue ribbons on the stencils?"

"Yes, madam."

"Perfume on the ballots?"

"Yes, madam."

"Tea fixings ready to serve?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then the polls are now open."—Ex.

Tattered Tompkins: "Come what may, this is positively my last appearance as a faint away."

Breezy Whiskers: "Didn't it work?"

Tattered Tompkins: "Work! I lay on my back in the mud, calling for whiskey, and a big fat cop shouted, 'Give him air.'"—Ex.

HEARD IN THE LUNCH ROOM.

"How long do you keep eggs here?"

"'Til ate, sir."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sneeze, good sir, she said.

"At whom? At whom?" cried he, afraid,

"At choo! At choo! good sir," she said.

—Ex.

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High School is to the public school system, so the

Newark Business College

is to the private business training schools

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